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STAY TUNED

I don't know how to delete this, so CONTINUE on through the story. ENJOY OR DIE!!!

Chapter 1

Tell me in the comments if this is starting out good, and if you like it, vote for it please. It really helps and I appreciate it. Remember to ENJOY OR DIE!!!

Goldenkit opened his eyes for the first time. Brightness filled his vision, then shapes started to take place. A loud squeak startled him. "Goldenkit finally opened his eyes, Grayfoot!" A gray she-cat with fluffy gray fur smiled at me and started to purr loudly.

"I'm Whitekit, and this is Fishkit and this little scrap of fur is Willowkit," meows the white kit, pointing to each kit in turn.

"Can we explore the rest of the world?" Goldenkit asks, eager to see new things.

"No, we can't leave the nursery until tommorow. But then we can explore the whole camp!" She says excitedly.

"Oh, wow!" But then my eyes start to droop. "Let's take a nap, so it will go quicker." He settle down and closes his eyes as sleep crashes over him.

"Come on Goldenkit! We can explore the camp now!" The soft pitter-patter of kit paws made the golden colored cat open his eyes for the second time in his short life. Energy surged through Goldenkit as the remembered that he could see! Goldenkit raced after the other kits, trying to catch up with them.

"Wait for me!" Goldenkit yowls as he pass Willowkit, and the small black kit yowls in surprise. Then, Goldenkit slams into a golden pelt that looks just like his.

"Hey, watch- wait, you opened your eyes, Goldenkit!" says the cat with surprise.

"Who are you?" asks Goldenkit. The golden cat twitches his

whiskers amusingly.

"I'm your father, and my name is Finchwhisker. Where are you little kits going?"

Fishkit answers for me. "We're exploring the camp! Come on guys, the dawn patrol is back!" He bounds over to the fresh-kill pile. It's sunhigh, so all the warriors are crowded around it, but luckily Fishkit was small so, he ran under the long warriors legs. Finchwhisker let out a mrrow of amusement.

"Fishkit, watch out for-" the golden warrior was cut off by an annoyed yowl.

"Back of the line, kit!" A grumpy looking cat padded out of the crowd and growled, "Kits these days..."

"That's Whitewhisker, he's the medicine cat," whispered Finchwhisker. "He can heal any injury or cure any sickness, and we're lucky to have him!" He raised his voice so the other kits could hear. "I'll show you around the camp if you like. I'm the deputy, so I have access to the leaders' den. Let's go there first."

"Okay!" Goldenkit meows excitedly. The five cats pounded over to a crack in a huge rock, with lichen hanging over it.

"Woah..." Whitekit breathes. The inside if the den is dim and cozy. A moss and bracken nest is in the corner farthest from the entrance and I can smell a strong scent of cat.

"This is Stormstar's den. He's the leader of all of ThunderClan, but he's out on patrol at the moment. Let's get out of here before-"

A growl sounds behind them. "What are you doing in the leaders den?"

Chapter 2

All the cats whipped around to see a dark gray tabby with darker stripes and a spot around one eye. His whiskers twitched with amusement. "Stormstar!" Finchwhisker meowed. That's Stormstar? I thought leaders would be older than that, he almost looks like a new warrior, Goldenkit thought, puzzled.

Stormstar saw the puzzled look in Goldenkit's eyes and explained, "if you are wondering why I looks so young to be leader, it's a long story. But I might as well tell it to you now."

The leader settled down and started to explain. "It started off when the leader before me, Snowstar, had a deputy named Cloudfur. Cloudfur was my mentor, and he was a great white cat with splotches of gray. But one day, he mysteriously died," Stormstar said this last part with caution.

Finchwhisker spoke up and meowed, "I was a very young kit, younger than you kits, when Cloudfur was deputy. I don't remember him much."

"Well anyways," Stormstar went on, "no one really knew who would be the deputy except a fluffy black and white cat named Hollypool. It was sad, she was only deputy for a day then, me and Finchwhisker, Finchpaw then, found her in a clearing dead. There was no claw marks or scratches or any kind of struggle. After that, I was deputy, and that was that," he finished.

"So were you a warrior or an apprentice when Hollypool was deputy?" I ask. If he was a warrior, Stormstar couldn't have been that young.

"That was actually the night I was sitting vigil, the night of my warrior ceremony. So the day after that, Hollypool was killed and I was made deputy the first day of a warrior." Wow, I though.

"So you would be a young warrior if you were a warrior?" Questions

Whitekit.

"Yep," the tabby answers. "Well, it's probably time for you kits go head back to the nursery for your nap." There is protest from all the kits, but obey their leader. On the way there, Goldenkit took a peak inside the apprentice den and saw it was empty. The apprentices must be out on patrol, Goldenkit thought.

Inside the nursery, there was only one queen. Mistyfur waves her tail at us in greetings. Her second litter all died but one pure black cat named Nightkit. "Where is Grayfoot?" Willowkit asks.

"She went out on a patrol, but don't worry, she'll be back soon," the gray cat answers.

Suddenly, a bloodcurdling yowl splits the air. "Grayfoot is dead!"